

*Keep.* And hang for't afterward.

*Pal.* By this good light  
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

*Keep.* Why my Lord?

*Pal.* Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually  
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

*Keep.* Indeepe you must my Lord.

*Pal.* May I see the garden?

*Keep.* Noe.

*Pal.* Then I am resolu'd, I will not goe. (rous

*Keep.* I must constraîne you then; and for you are danger  
Ile clap more yrons on you.

*Pal.* Doe good keeper.

Ile shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,  
Ile make ye a new Morrice, must I goe?

*Keep.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Farewell kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

*Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*

*Scena 3. Enter Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Banishd the kingdome? tis a benefit,  
A mercy I must thanke'em for, but banishd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
Oh t'was a studdied punishment, a death  
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance  
That were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon;*  
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and see  
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede  
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,  
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:  
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?  
Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,  
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come  
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what  
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,  
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,  
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.  
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,  
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:  
Ile see her, and be neere her, or no more.

*Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.*

1. My Masters, ile be there that's certaine.

2. And Ile be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,  
Let the plough play to day, ile tick'lt out  
Of the lades tailes to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:  
But that's all one, ile goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,  
And all's made up againe.

3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her  
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.  
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danced under green Tree,  
And yet know what wenches: ha?  
But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaster keep touch  
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.

3. Hee'le ate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mat-  
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-  
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must  
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

E 3

and